

The Historie of

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Doug. Fayth, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweeter reuersion.
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in,
A comfort of rstirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Mischance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offring side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse,
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your greate enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall, or turne it topsie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word.
Spoke of in Scotland, as this deame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Henry the

Hot. My coosen *Vernon*, welco
Ver. Pray God my newes be
The Earle of *Westmerland*, seau
Is marching hitherwards, with

Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I haue lea
The King himselfe in person ha
Or hitherwards intended speed
With strong and mighty prepa

Hot. He shall be welcome too
The nimble-footed madcap, *P*
And his Cumrades, that dast t
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht? all in Arme
All plump like Eltriges, that
Bayted like Eagles, hauing late
Glittering in golden Coates lik
As full of spirit as the moneth
And gorgeous as the Sunne at
Wanton as youthfull Goates.
I saw young *Harry* with his Be
His Cushes on his thighes, ga
Rise from the ground like fea
And vaulted with such ease int
As if an Angell dropt downe f
To turn and winde a fiery *P*
And witch the world with noi

Hot. No more, no more, w
This prayse doth nourish Ag
They come like Sacrifices in
And to the fire-eyde mayde
All hot and bleeding, will we
The mayled *Mars* shall on hi
Vp to the eares in bloud. I
To heare this rich repizall is
And yet not ours. Come, le
Who is to beare me like a th
Against the bosome of the *P*

Hot